

CRIME

**THE LAW
ALWAYS WINS!**

SMASHERS

SEPT. No. 12
10¢



YOU AND YOUR GANG OF
THUGS HAVE GONE TOO FAR.
NOW WE'LL SEE WHO'S
TOUGH AROUND HERE!

AWK!

LEGGIO
DE
BOSS!

featuring:
**SALLY THE SLEUTH
DAN TURNER
GIRL FRIDAY
RAY HALE**

CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**GAIL
FORD**

GIRL FRIDAY

THE CITY HAS BEEN PLAGUED WITH A LONG SERIES OF ARMED ROBBERIES - ALWAYS OCCURRING IN WEALTHY HOMES WHERE WOMEN KEEP MONEY AND JEWELRY. THE LATEST TAKES PLACE AT THE MANSION OF OSWALD BANNERMAN, A VERY INFLUENTIAL MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY -

DON'T SHOOT!
WE WON'T
RESIST !!

OOH-H!

KEEP YOUR
TRAPS SHUT AND
YOU WON'T
GET HURT !

THAT NIGHT, A STOOL PIGEON TIPS OFF A DETECTIVE WITH SOME HOT INFO...

HEY, MAC, I KNOW YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR THE BRAINS BEHIND THAT STICK-UP MOB. I GOTTA TIP FOR YUH. GET A LINE ON A WOMAN NAMED **NINA** - SHE'S A FORTUNE TELLER ON ASH STREET.

THANKS, SOAPY. HERE'S A TEN-SPOT FOR YOU.

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, INSPECTOR MADSON ACTS ON THE RECENT TIP-OFF...

BANNERMAN HAS BEEN YELLING BLOODY MURDER SINCE HIS HOME WAS ROBBED. WE'VE GOT TO GET ACTION, GAIL, YOU'RE ONLY MY SECRETARY, BUT YOU CAN HELP. GO GET A PALM READING FROM THIS WOMAN, NINA, AND TELL US WHAT YOU FIND OUT.

OKAY, BOSS. I WONDER WHAT MY FUTURE HOLDS ?

GAIL IMPERSONATES A WEALTHY, LOVELORN GIRL AND GOES TO SEE NINA, THE FORTUNE TELLER...

I DON'T CARE IF MY DAD IS RICH... I WANT LOVE TO BRING ME HAPPINESS. TELL ME, WILL I EVER MEET THE MAN OF MY DREAMS?

SURE YOU WILL, MY DEAR. HE'LL BE TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME -



AFTER FEEDING NINA A PLAUSIBLE STORY, GAIL LEAVES... AND IS TEMPTED...

IF I SNEAK UPSTAIRS, MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT SOMETHING... MAYBE SPOT SOME OF THE LOOT...



BUT HER LUCK RUNS OUT. UPSTAIRS, SHE IS SEIZED BY THE GANG... ONE RECOGNIZES HER...

WHAT YA SNOOPIN' AROUND FOR?

OH-H!

LET ME GO!

HEY - I KNOW THAT DAME... I SEEN HER DOWN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



ANGRY NINA RUSHES UPSTAIRS...

SO! A POLICE PLANT, EH? I THOUGHT SHE SOUNDED PHONY. TIE HER UP AND THROW HER IN THAT ROOM. WE'LL GET RID OF HER AS SOON AS IT IS DARK.



LEFT ALONE, GAIL WRIGGLES UNTIL HER COMPACT FALLS OUT OF HER POCKET...



WITH HER FEET, SHE BREAKS THE MIRROR...



...AND MANAGES TO CUT THE ROPES BINDING HER WRISTS...



GAIL QUICKLY GOES DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE...



BUT, AS SHE REACHES THE FLOOR BELOW, SHE IS GRABBED AND DRAGGED INTO THE WINDOW...

JUST SPOTTED HER IN TIME!

OUCH!
MY ARM!



SHE IS CHLOROFORMED...

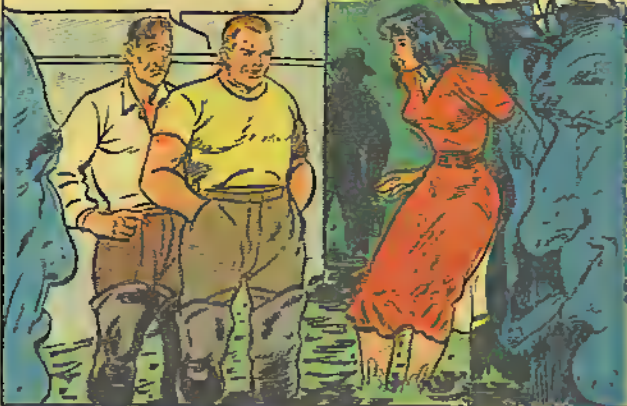
TAKE NO CHANCES ON HER GETTING AWAY AGAIN!



WHEN GAIL REVIVES, SHE IS IN A HIDEAWAY DEEP IN THE SEWERS, SURROUNDED BY THE VICIOUS DREGS OF THE UNDERWORLD...

NINA'S ORDERS ARE TO LEAVE NO TRACE OF DIS DAME. WE WILL BE WELL PAID.

DOWN HERE, THAT'S EASY.



MEANWHILE, THE INSPECTOR IS WORRIED...

GAIL SHOULD HAVE RETURNED LONG AGO. COME ON - WE'LL RAID THAT PALM READER'S JOINT!



COPS SWARM INTO THE HOUSE OF THE FORTUNE TELLER...

THERE'S THE WOMAN! PUT YOUR HANDS UP, ALL OF YOU!

COVER THE UPPER FLOORS, MEN - FAST!

WISE GUY!

YUH GOT NOTHIN' ON US, FLATFOOT!



AT THE SAME TIME, DOWN IN THE DARK SEWER, GAIL DESPERATELY PLAYS FOR TIME...

CAN'T YOU LET ME HAVE ONE LAST CIGARETTE?

ALL RIGHT, BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY.



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

YOU'VE FINISHED THAT CIGARETTE, NOW WE'LL DO THE JOB AND COLLECT OUR DOUGH FROM NINA.

YOU THINK SO?



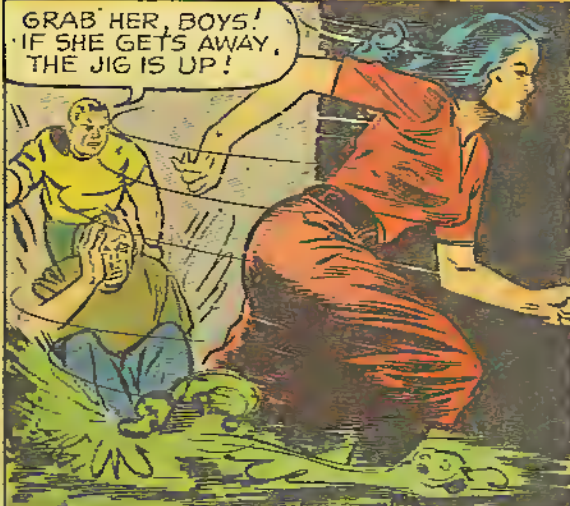
WELL, HERE'S SOMETHING ON ACCOUNT!

YOW!



TAKING TO HER HEELS, GAIL VANISHES INTO THE BLACKNESS OF THE CAVERNS...

GRAB HER, BOYS! IF SHE GETS AWAY, THE JIG IS UP!



BUT BY HIDING AND TWISTING HER TRAIL, GAIL ELUDES HER PURSUERS AND STUMBLES, WAIST-DEEP, THROUGH THE MURKY SEWERS...

LOOKS LIKE I'VE LOST THEM, BUT HOW AM I GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS HORRIBLE PLACE...?



ONE MENACE IS REPLACED BY ANOTHER WHEN SHE IS SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY A PACK OF GIANT RATS...

EEE-EEK!



FRANTICALLY, SHE BEATS THEM OFF WITH HER SHOE...

GET AWAY, YOU
AWFUL THINGS!



THEN SHE SEES A GLEAM OF LIGHT...

THANK HEAVENS!
THAT LOOKS LIKE
AN EXIT!



SHE STUMBLES INTO THE OPEN AND
COLLAPSES IN THE ARMS OF A COP...

WHAT'S THIS? WHAT WERE YOU -
WHY, IT'S MISS FORD, INSPECTOR
MADSON'S SECRETARY!



GAIL QUICKLY RETURNS TO HEADQUARTERS...

THAT HOUSE IS FULL OF
CROOKS, INSPECTOR. I
THINK YOU SHOULD PULL
THE PLACE RIGHT AWAY!

WE'VE DONE SO ALREADY,
GAIL, AND WE HAVE NINA.
AND HER CROWD BEHIND
BARS. YOU LOOK A MESS,
BUT I'M GLAD YOU GOT
BACK SAFE AND SOUND.



I ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE IT.
NINA HAS ANOTHER CREW
OF RASCALS WHO HIDE
OUT IN THE SEWERS!

WE FOUND CONSIDERABLE
LOOT IN THE BASEMENT OF
THE HOUSE. NOW WE'LL ROUND
UP THAT BUNCH IN THE SEWERS
AND SEND THEM ALL TO THE
PEN FOR A LONG STRETCH.



THANKS FOR
HELPING OUT,
GAIL. YOU'RE
A BRAVE
GIRL.

OH, THAT'S ALL
RIGHT, BOSS. I WAS
JUST WONDERING IF
NINA WAS RIGHT
WHEN SHE SAID I
WOULD MEET THAT
"TALL, DARK AND
HANDSOME"...



Ray HALE

"AFTER-HOURS KILLING"

by DOUGLAS MARCH

THE CITY EDITOR OF THE "CLARION" RECEIVES A HOT TIP, AND CALLS HALE, HIS STAR REPORTER, OVER...

RAY, HERE'S A FLASH FROM OUR MAN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS. SAYS THE WIFE OF REX DICKSON, THE WEALTHY LAWYER, HAS REPORTED HIM MISSING!

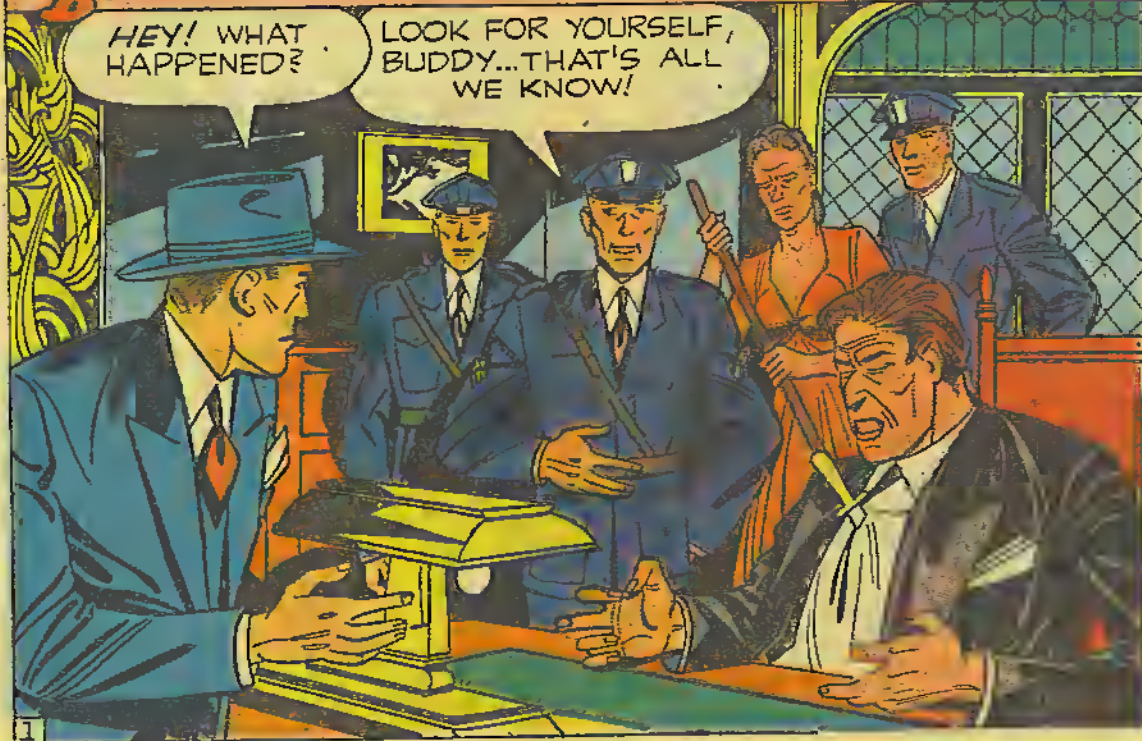
THAT GUY'S A NIGHT OWL ANYWAY... PROBABLY ON A BINGE!

WELL, HE'S GOOD COPY. LOOK INTO IT! IT'S EARLY, BUT I'LL TRY HIS OFFICE!

BUT WHEN HALE GETS THERE, TRAGEDY HAS PRECEDED HIM...

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED?

LOOK FOR YOURSELF, BUDDY... THAT'S ALL WE KNOW!



AS I SAYS, MR. DICKSON WAS HERE ALIVE, WHEN I CLEANED THE OFFICE LAST NIGHT. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I WANT TO TELL YOU!



BEFORE I LEFT THE FLOOR, I SAW A YOUNG LADY COME OUT OF THIS OFFICE...ABOUT NINE O'CLOCK...



HALE SPIES A WOMAN'S PURSE ON A CHAIR...

THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE SCRUBWOMAN'S!

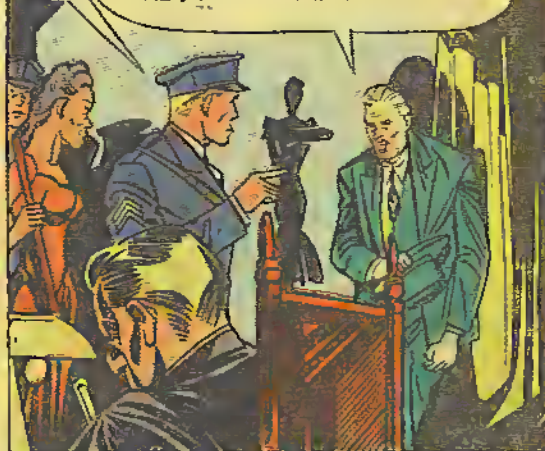


THIS CAN BE VERY IMPORTANT. HOPE THE 'FLATFEET DON'T CATCH ME MAKING LOVE TO IT...



WHO ARE YOU?

I'M WALT COLLINS, MR. DICKSON'S CLERK. I CAME AS SOON AS YOU PHONED ME. WHAT HAPPENED?



YOU CAN SEE... HE'S MURDERED! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

WHY, NOTHING! I LEFT HIM HERE AT FIVE YESTERDAY. POOR MR. DICKSON! I'VE WORKED FOR HIM FOR TWENTY YEARS.



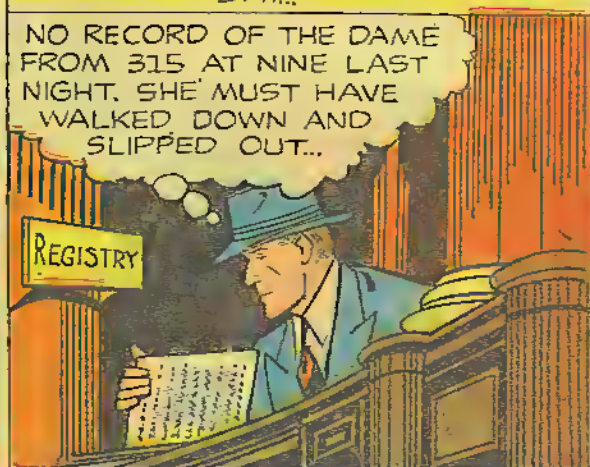
UNOBTRUSIVELY HALE LEAVES THE SCENE OF THE MURDER.

HOPE THEY DON'T STOP ME... LOTTA GUMSHOE WORK TO DO...



HALE SCANS THE AFTER-HOURS REGISTER FOR THE PRECEEDING DAY...

NO RECORD OF THE DAME FROM 315 AT NINE LAST NIGHT. SHE MUST HAVE WALKED DOWN AND SLIPPED OUT...



THIS BELONGS TO GINGER ROSS, THE ACTRESS! HERE ARE A BATCH OF HER PRESS CLIPPINGS. SO... **SHE** WAS THE BABE IN DICKSON'S OFFICE!



AND HERE'S THE NOTICE OF A NEW SHOW JUST CASTING... SAYS THEY NEED DOUGH. I WONDER IF SHE WAS TRYING TO GET IT FROM HIM... THIS DOLL NEEDS LOOKING INTO!



BEFORE I GO TO SEE GINGER, THERE'S AN ANGLE I WANT TO CHECK UP ON. IN HERE.



HALE KNOWS A GIRL IN THE SHOW PRODUCER'S OFFICE...

HIYA, BABS! I NEED SOME INFORMATION. CAN YOU TELL ME HOW ROBERTS IS FINANCING THE NEW SHOW THAT GINGER POSS' IS TO STAR IN?

SURE, RAY... JUST A MINUTE...



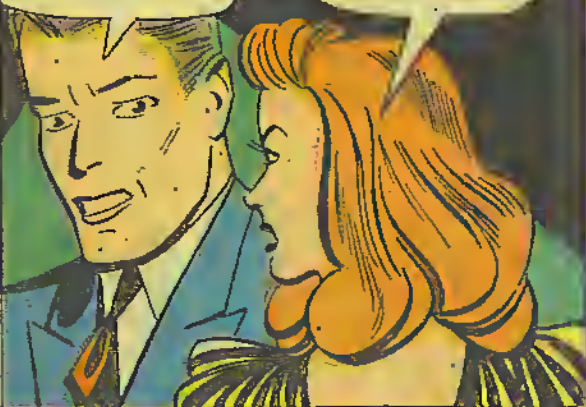
MISS ROSS? I'M
HALE OF THE
"CLARION". WANNA
TALK TO
THE PRESS?

WHY, OF
COURSE! I
ALWAYS CAN
USE PUBLICITY!
COME ON IN...



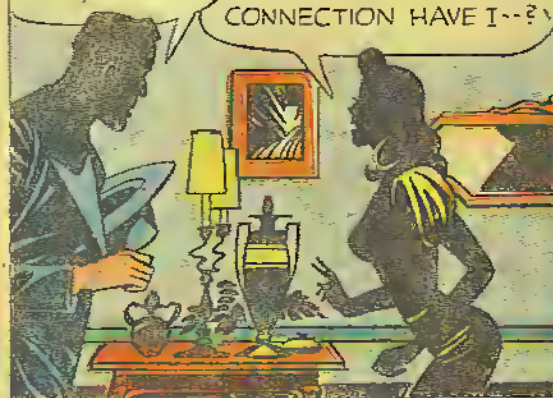
SORRY... I DIDN'T COME ABOUT
THAT, TOOTS! DO YOU
KNOW THAT REX
DICKSON HAS BEEN
MURDERED?

WHAT?
NO! IT CAN'T
BE! I ONLY...



MAYBE YOU
STUCK THE
SHIV INTO
HIM YOUR-
SELF, HONEY!

OF COURSE I
DIDN'T! I ADMIRED
HIM VERY MUCH!
BUT WHY DO YOU
COME TO ME? WHAT
CONNECTION HAVE I--?



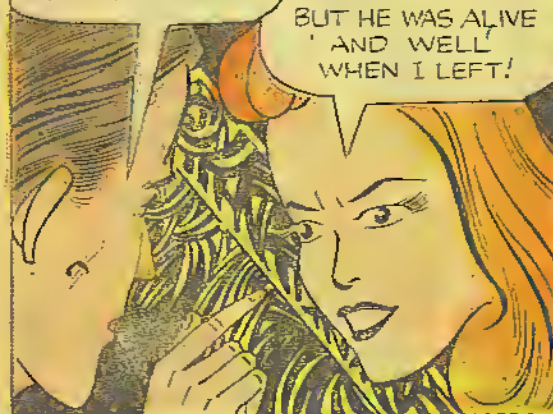
WHAT CONNECTION? HE WAS GOING
TO PUT UP THE MONEY FOR YOUR
NEW SHOW, WASN'T
HE? THEN, HE
BACKED OUT!

HEY! THAT'S
NONE OF YOUR
AFFAIR,
YOU SNOOP!



WHAT'S MORE, I KNOW THAT YOU
WERE IN DICKSON'S OFFICE LAST
NIGHT AFTER BUSINESS
HOURS. THIS MORNING
HE WAS DEAD!

YES, I
WAS THERE,
BUT HE WAS ALIVE
'AND WELL'
WHEN I LEFT!

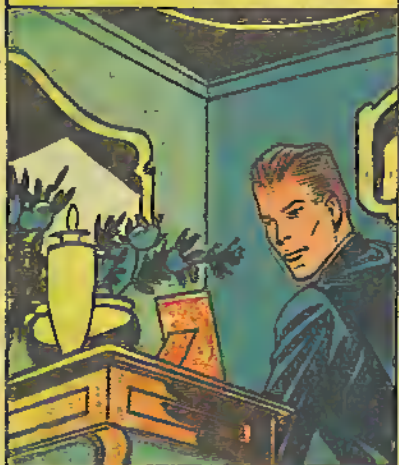


WHY
DIDN'T
YOU
SIGN
OUT?

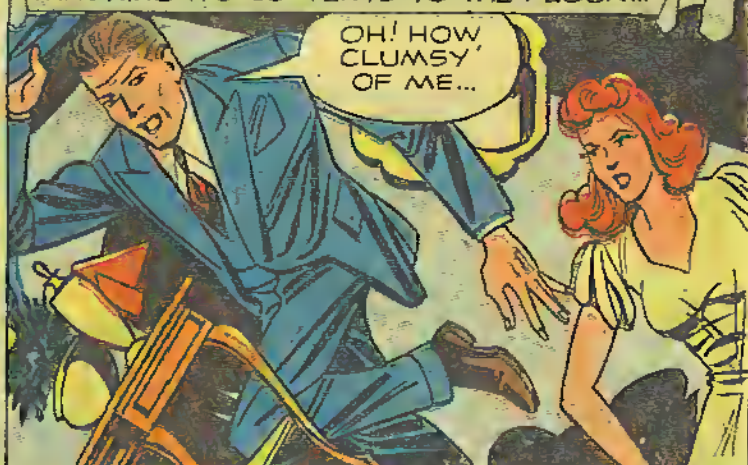
BECAUSE HE WAS MARRIED,
AND DIDN'T WANT OUR
NAMES CONNECTED. HE
ASKED ME ALWAYS TO WALK
DOWN WHEN I WENT TO
HIS OFFICE.



HALE'S GAZE IS CAUGHT BY A PHOTOGRAPH NEARBY...



HALE, RISING TO LEAVE, DELIBERATELY STUMBLES OVER THE SMALL TABLE, THROWING ITS CONTENTS TO THE FLOOR...



BUT WHEN HALE LEAVES, THE PHOTOGRAPH IS SAFELY IN HIS POCKET...



AS SOON AS SHE MISSES THE PICTURE, GINGER MAKES A FRANTIC PHONE CALL...



AFTER A DAY OF RUNNING DOWN CLUES, HALE HEADS FOR HOME...



SUDDENLY, HE IS VICIOUSLY ATTACKED FROM THE SHADOWS...



THE MYSTERIOUS ASSAILANT
SEARCHES HALE'S POCKETS...



THE REPORTER REVIVES...



HE MUST WANT THAT PICTURE...
BUT PLENTY! THAT GIVES ME
AN IDEA... IT'S THE ANGLE
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



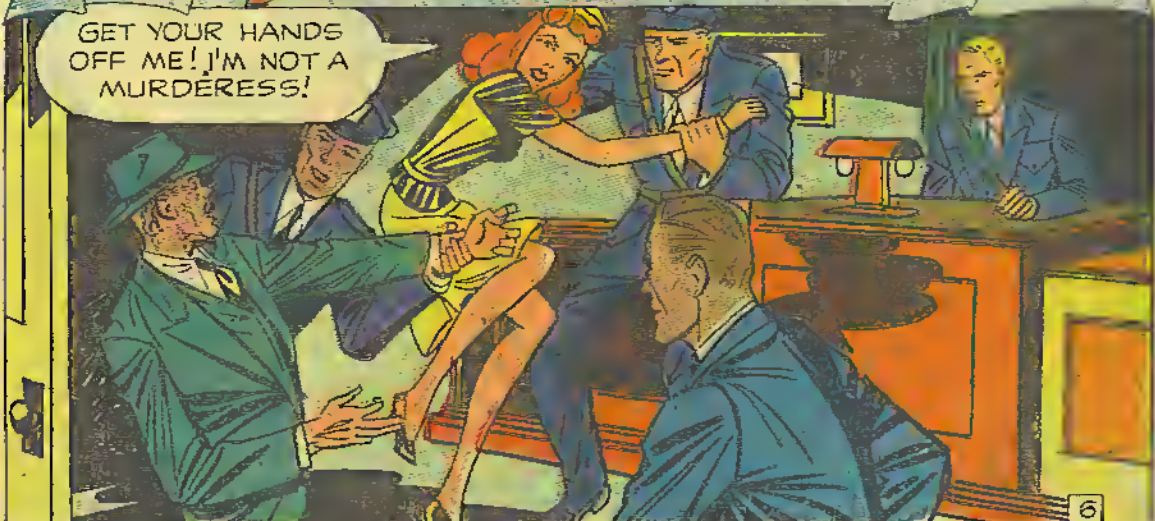
HERE'S WHAT I FOUND OUT, SERGEANT.
GET THESE PEOPLE DOWN HERE
AND WORK THIS ANGLE. JUST
GIVE ME THE CHANCE
TO BREAK IT FIRST
IN MY PAPER!

OKAY, HALE.
WE'LL PLAY
IT YOUR WAY...
BUT YOU'D BETTER
BE RIGHT!



The SUSPECTS ARE BROUGHT IN...

GET YOUR HANDS
OFF ME! I'M NOT A
MURDERESS!



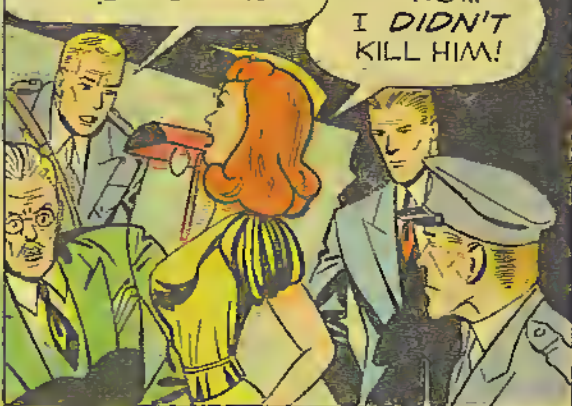
COLLINS, YOU WERE IN THE OFFICE YESTERDAY?

YES, BUT I TELL YOU, I LEFT MR. DICKSON THERE AT FIVE O' CLOCK!



ALL RIGHT. THEN THIS GIRL WAS THERE LATER! SHE KILLED DICKSON AND NOW SHE'LL FACE A FIRST DEGREE MURDER CHARGE!

NO... I DIDN'T KILL HIM!



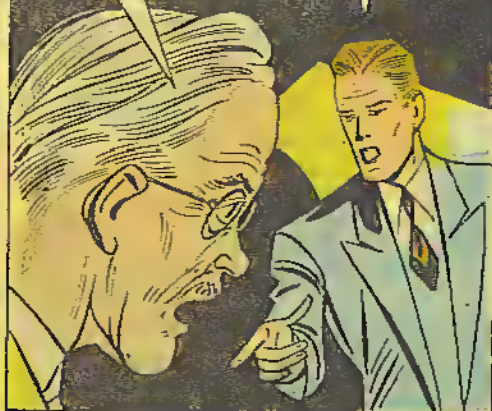
YOU WANTED DICKSON TO PUT UP DOUGH FOR YOUR NEW SHOW! HE REFUSED, AND YOU STABBED HIM! **CONFESS!**

YOU CAN'T PIN THIS ON ME!



NO! NO! SHE DIDN'T DO IT!

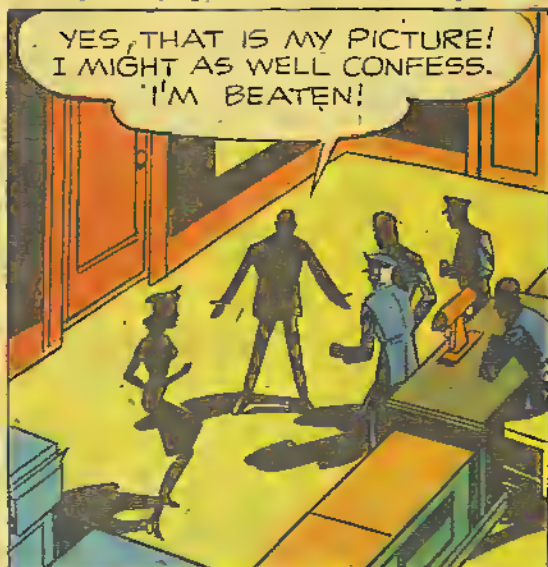
HOW DID YOU KNOW?



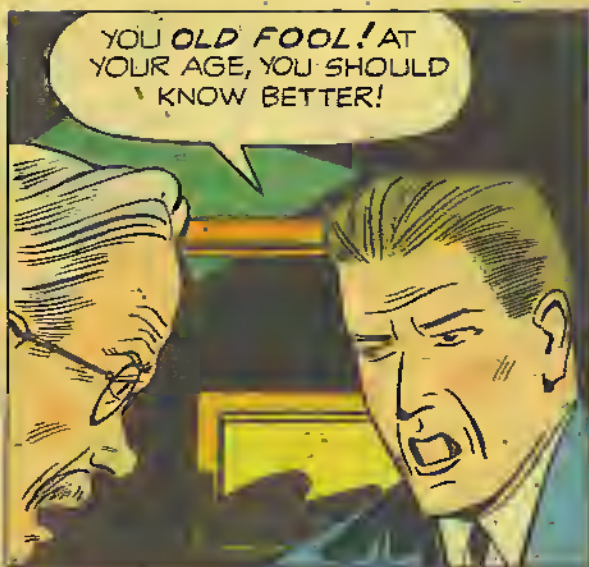
YOU'RE RIGHT! **SHE** DIDN'T KILL DICKSON! YOU DID! YOU YOURSELF WERE SWEET ON GINGER. YOU WERE JEALOUS OF HIM! HERE'S YOUR PORTRAIT INSCRIBED TO HER... CAN YOU DENY IT?



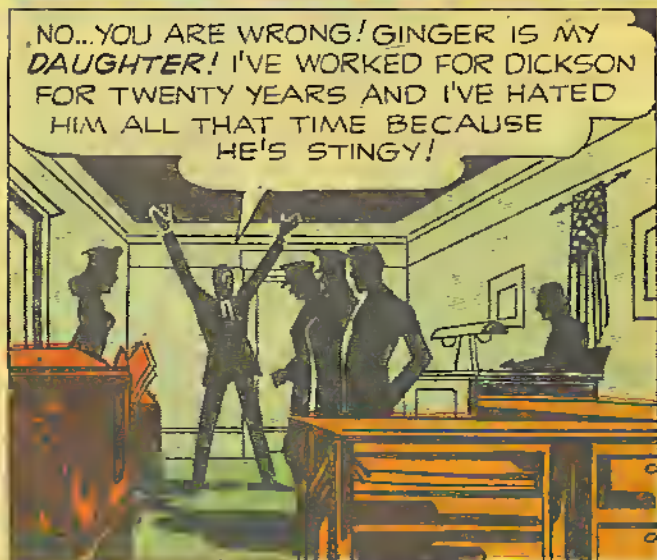
YES, THAT IS MY PICTURE!
I MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS.
I'M BEATEN!



YOU OLD FOOL! AT
YOUR AGE, YOU SHOULD
KNOW BETTER!



NO...YOU ARE WRONG! GINGER IS MY
DAUGHTER! I'VE WORKED FOR DICKSON
FOR TWENTY YEARS AND I'VE HATED
HIM ALL THAT TIME BECAUSE
HE'S STINGY!



HE TOOK AN INTEREST IN
GINGER AND PROMISED TO
HELP HER CAREER AND MAKE
HER A GREAT ACTRESS. THEN
HE WENT BACK ON HIS WORD
JUST WHEN SHE NEEDED HIS
HELP!



I FORGOT SOMETHING AT THE OFFICE.
I CAME BACK THROUGH THE SIDE DOOR
AND HEARD THEM ARGUING! WHEN
GINGER WENT AWAY, I WENT IN AND
HAD IT OUT WITH DICKSON. HE
LAUGHED AT ME AND GINGER. I WENT
BERSERK AND STABBED HIM!



HE
DESERVED
IT!

OKAY, BUB, THAT'S
FOR A JURY
TO DECIDE!



READ RAY HALE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

SALLY the SLEUTH

"TUMBLING CORPSES"

ONE DAY SALLY IS TAKEN ALONG BY HER CHIEF TO A CONFERENCE WITH JED CONYERS, HEAD OF A TOP-FLIGHT AGENCY FOR GLAMOROUS MODELS...

I GUESS YOU'VE READ IN THE PAPERS ABOUT HONEY HARE, MY TOP MODEL, FALLING FROM OUR ROOF YESTERDAY. WELL, THIS MORNING, I GOT A LETTER THREATENING THAT MORE OF MY GIRLS WILL DIVE TO THE STREET. IT LOOKS LIKE A PLOT.

HAVE YOU ANY ENEMIES WHO MIGHT HAVE HELPED CAUSE THIS TRAGEDY?



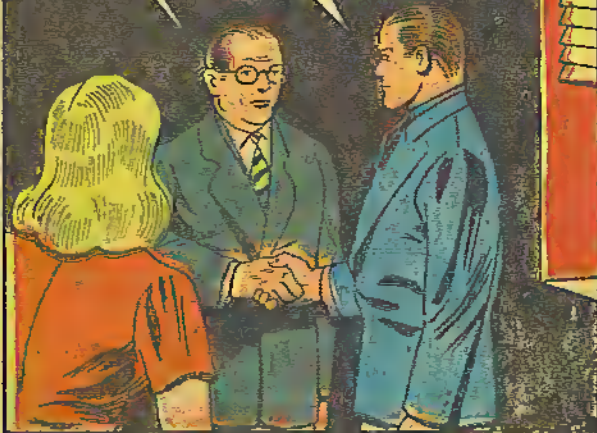
NOT THAT I KNOW OF, BUT I'M WORRIED. IT LOOKS AS IF IT MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT AFTER ALL. IT COULD BE MURDER.

COULD BE! WE'LL STUDY THAT. LETTER FOR CLUES.



I SURELY HOPE YOU CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MESS. IT'S DRIVING ME NUTS.

YOU LEAVE IT TO US.

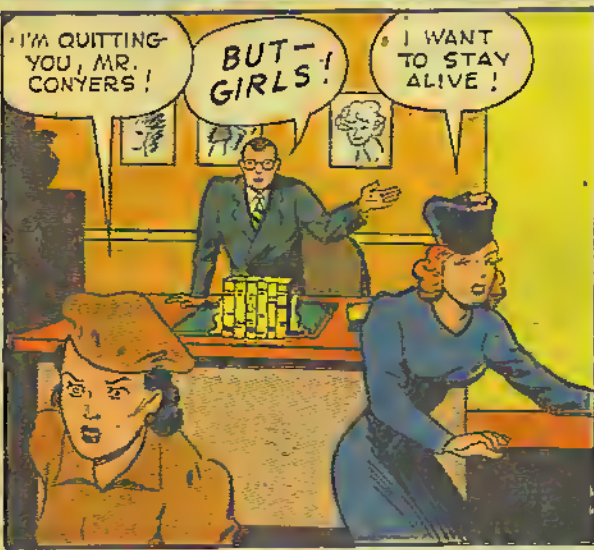


BUT NEXT DAY, ANOTHER CURVACEOUS CUTIE TUMBLES FROM THE SKY BEFORE HORRIFIED ONLOOKERS . . .



POOR GIRL!

THAT'S THE SAME BUILDING THE OTHER ONE FELL FROM!



I'M QUITTING YOU, MR. CONYERS!

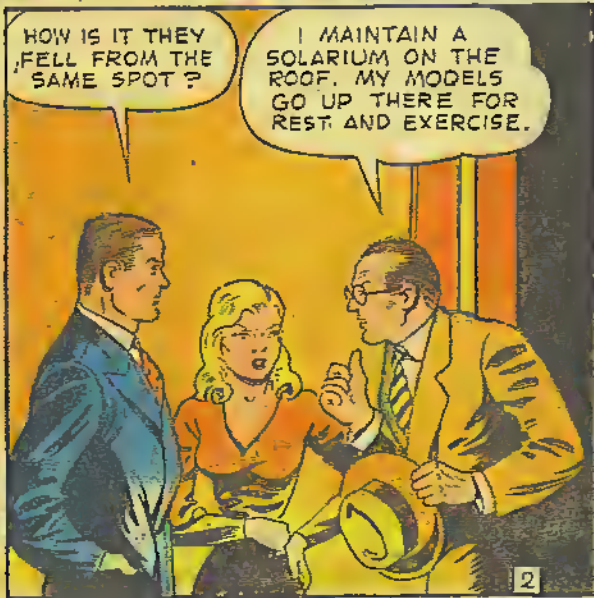
BUT—GIRLS!

I WANT TO STAY ALIVE!



JET JENNINGS WAS MY SECOND MOST POPULAR MODEL. YOU MUST DO SOMETHING!!

THIS IS REALLY SERIOUS, THESE TWO DEATHS WERE NO ACCIDENTS.



HOW IS IT THEY FELL FROM THE SAME SPOT?

I MAINTAIN A SOLARIUM ON THE ROOF. MY MODELS GO UP THERE FOR REST AND EXERCISE.

WELL, THIS IS WHAT WE'LL DO: SALLY WILL BECOME ONE OF YOUR MODELS. GIVE HER LOTS OF PUBLICITY—SPREAD THE NEWS THAT SHE'S A NEW "FIND".

OH, I'D LOVE TO BE A MODEL!

SURE, SHE'S AS PRETTY AS ANY OF THEM.

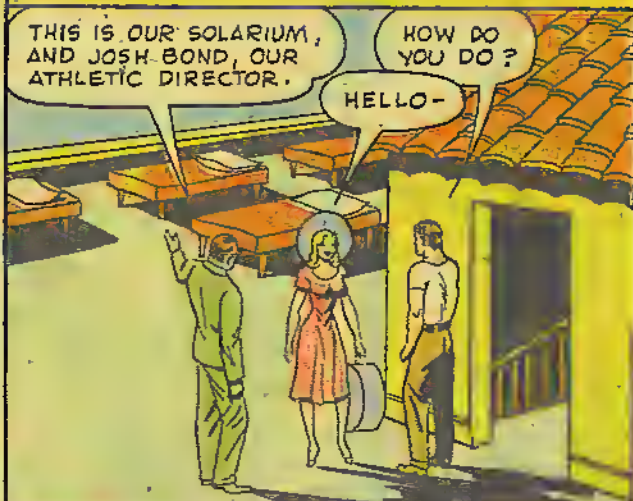


NEXT DAY, CONYERS SHOWS SALLY AROUND, INCLUDING THE ROOF...

THIS IS OUR SOLARIUM, AND JOSH BOND, OUR ATHLETIC DIRECTOR.

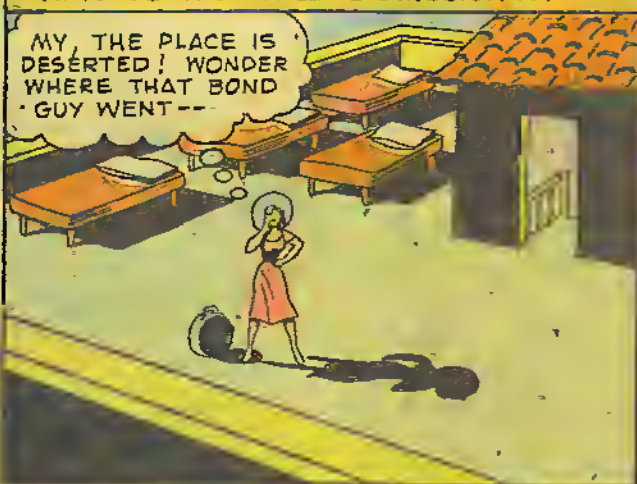
HOW DO YOU DO?

HELLO—



AFTER CONYERS HAS RETURNED TO HIS OFFICE SALLY STAYS ON THE ROOF AND WATCHES THE ATHLETIC DIRECTOR...

MY, THE PLACE IS DESERTED! WONDER WHERE THAT BOND GUY WENT--



THERE HE IS -- WHOM CAN HE BE PHONING TO -- ?



THAT NIGHT, AS BOND LEAVES THE BUILDING, SALLY IS ON HIS TAIL...

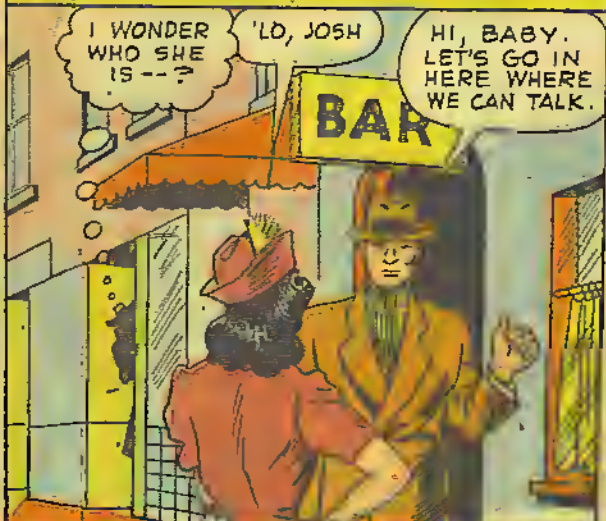


SHE THEN WATCHES HIM MEET HIS "DATE".

I WONDER WHO SHE IS -- ?

'LD, JOSH

HI, BABY. LET'S GO IN HERE WHERE WE CAN TALK.



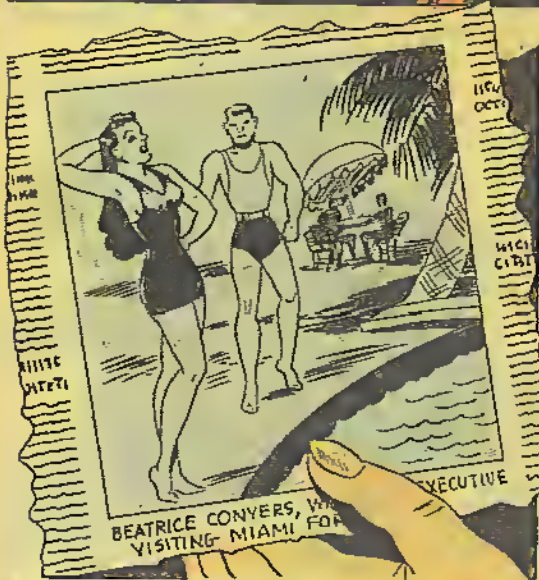
SALLY FOLLOWS AND KEEPS THEM IN VIEW, BUT CANNOT GET NEAR ENOUGH TO OVERHEAR THE CONVERSATION...

THAT DAME'S FACE IS FAMILIAR -- WHERE HAVE I SEEN IT BEFORE?



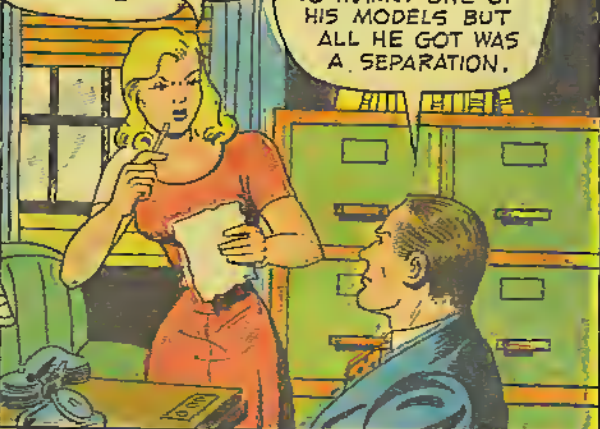
BACK IN HER OFFICE, SALLY PLOWS THROUGH A MASS OF CLIPPINGS...

HERE IT IS! IT'S CONYERS' ESTRANGED WIFE BEATRICE... A PICTURE OF HER SWIMMING DOWN IN FLORIDA - AND THAT GUY IN THE BACKGROUND IS JOSH BOND!



CHIEF, WHAT'S THE DIRT ON CONYERS' WIFE? ISN'T THERE SOMETHING SCREWY THERE?

OH THAT WAS QUITE A SCANDAL LAST YEAR, HE WANTED A DIVORCE TO MARRY ONE OF HIS MODELS BUT ALL HE GOT WAS A SEPARATION.



SHE HAS BEEN PRETTY BITTER TOWARDS HIM EVER SINCE AND DOES EVERYTHING SHE CAN TO HURT HIM, I HEAR.

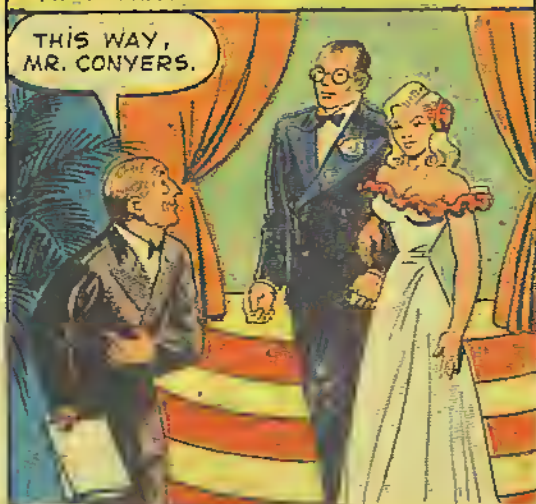
YES, BUT DO YOU THINK SHE HAS A HAND IN THE DEATH OF THOSE GIRLS?



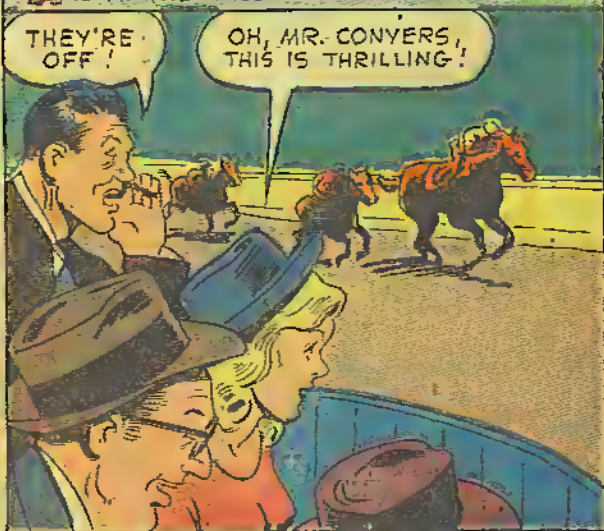
THAT'S FOR YOU TO FIND OUT. THIS JOSH BOND ANGLE LOOKS FISHY. PLAY UP TO CONYERS AND GIVE HER EVERY REASON TO BE JEALOUS, MAYBE SHE WILL TIP HER MITT.



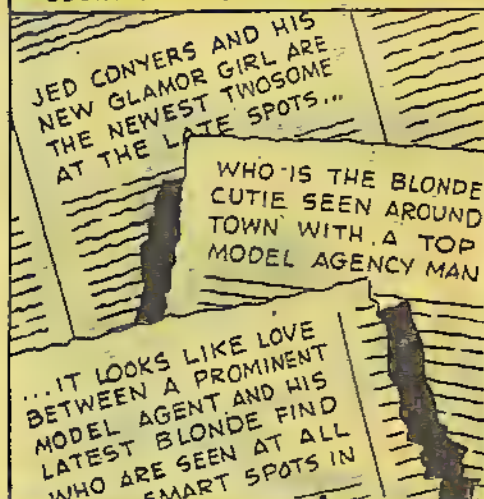
SALLY IS SOON SEEN WITH CONYERS AT FASHIONABLE NIGHT SPOTS...



AND AT THE RACES.



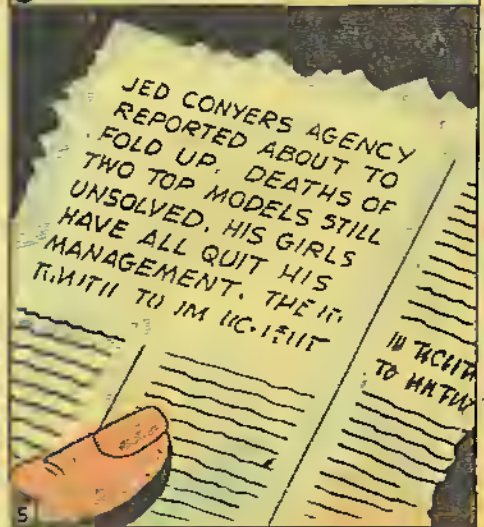
AND SOON THE GOSSIP COLUMNISTS BEGIN TO MENTION THEM...



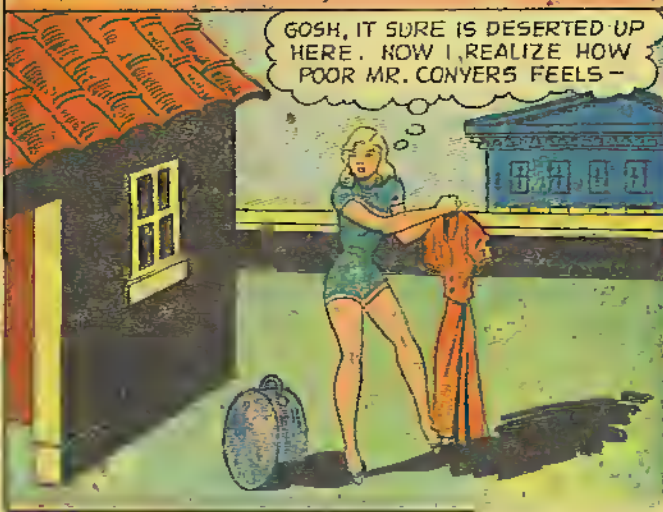
BUT IN THE OFFICE OF THE MODEL AGENCY...

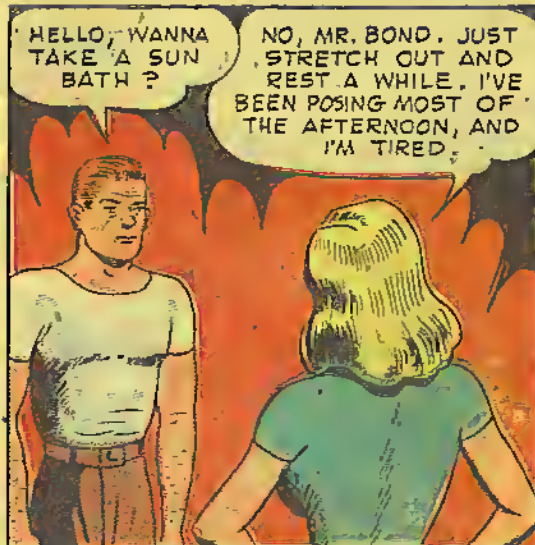


CONYERS SHOWS SALLY THE CLIPPING...



A WHILE LATER, SALLY GOES UP TO THE ROOF AND CHANGES TO HER "LEOTARD", THE EXERCISE COSTUME...





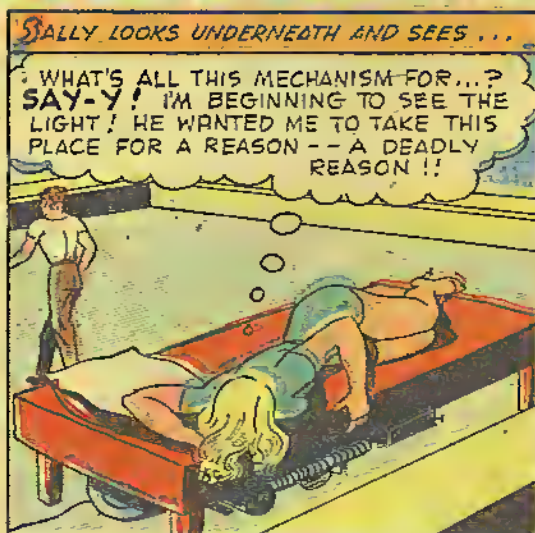
HELLO, WANNA
TAKE A SUN
BATH?

NO, MR. BOND. JUST
STRETCH OUT AND
REST A WHILE. I'VE
BEEN POSING MOST OF
THE AFTERNOON, AND
I'M TIRED.



I THINK I'LL
PARK HERE.

OH, TAKE THIS ONE. I
ASSURE YOU IT'S A LOT
MORE COMFORTABLE.



SALLY LOOKS UNDERNEATH AND SEES ...

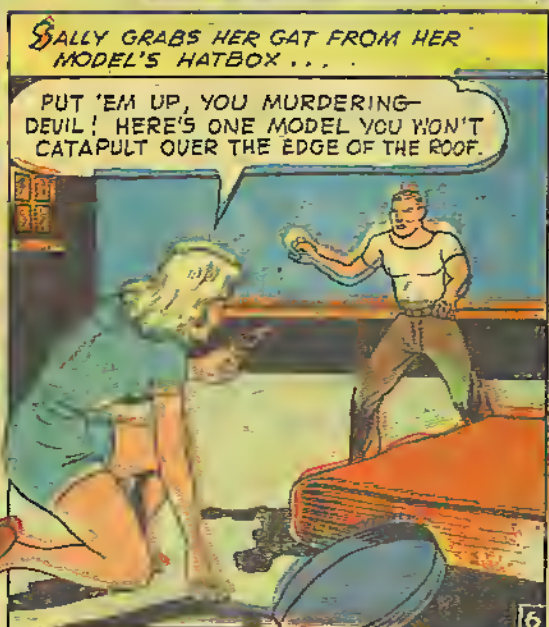
WHAT'S ALL THIS MECHANISM FOR...?
SAY-Y! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE
LIGHT! HE WANTED ME TO TAKE THIS
PLACE FOR A REASON -- A DEADLY
REASON!!



I'LL PUT ONE FOOT OVER THIS SIDE
AND REST MY WEIGHT ON IT. SOMETHING
IS GOING TO HAPPEN AWFULLY QUICKLY
AND I DON'T WANT TO GET CAUGHT --



THERE IT
GOES!



SALLY GRABS HER GAT FROM HER
MODEL'S HATBOX ...

PUT 'EM UP, YOU MURDERING-
DEVIL! HERE'S ONE MODEL YOU WON'T
CATAPULT OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROOF.

GET DOWNSTAIRS OR I'LL BLAST YOU TO BITS!



IN THE AGENCY OFFICE...

HERE'S THE KILLER, MR. CONVERS. YOUR CASE IS SOLVED.

BOND? WHY-WHAT--!



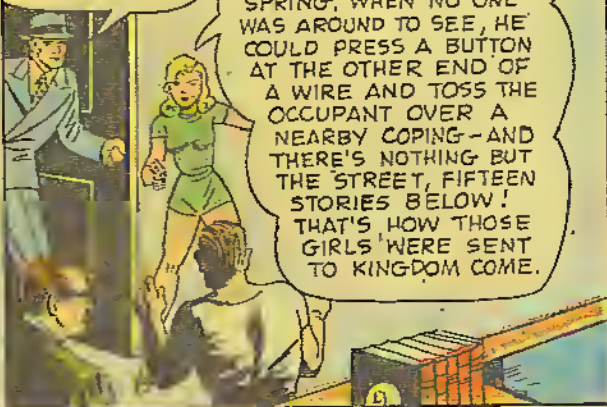
DON'T STAND THERE GAPING! PHONE THE CHIEF TO GET RIGHT OVER HERE. I'LL KEEP THIS RAT COVERED.



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

GOOD WORK, SALLY. I'LL TAKE OVER NOW. WHAT HAPPENED?

I DISCOVERED HE HAD RIGGED ONE OF THE RECLINING CHAIRS ON THE ROOF WITH A SPRING. WHEN NO ONE WAS AROUND TO SEE, HE COULD PRESS A BUTTON AT THE OTHER END OF A WIRE AND TOSS THE OCCUPANT OVER A NEARBY COPING--AND THERE'S NOTHING BUT THE STREET, FIFTEEN STORIES BELOW! THAT'S HOW THOSE GIRLS WERE SENT TO KINGDOM COME.



YOU FIEND!

Y-YOU'VE GOT ME! I'M IN LOVE WITH YOUR WIFE BEATRICE AND I'D DO ANYTHING SHE ASKED ME TO. THIS WAS HER IDEA. SHE HATES YOUR GUTS AND WANTS TO RUIN YOU.



WELL, YOU'RE NOW HEADED FOR THE HOT SEAT AT SING SING, BUDDY. AND THAT'LL JUST ABOUT RUIN YOU!



LOOK FOR THE NEWEST ADVENTURES OF SALLY IN THE NEXT CRIME SMASHERS...

DAN TURNER —

HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

“MYSTO-MAGIC
MURDER”

DAN TURNER ATTENDS A MIDNIGHT MEN'S PARTY FOR SOME BIG SHOTS IN HOLLYWOOD. HE FINDS THE ENTERTAINMENT STIMULATING, TO SAY THE LEAST...

...THERE ARE SINGERS AND DANCERS ON THE BILL OF ENTERTAINERS--

... BUT MOST SPECTACULAR OF ALL IS A LOVELY YOUNG MAGICIAN NAMED **CHARM MARLOWE**, WHO PRODUCES SNAKES OUT OF EMPTY HATS!...

PRESTO! CHANGE-O!
NOW YOU SEE THEM--
NOW YOU DON'T !!

THAT'S THE BEST
TRICK OF ALL !

NEVER SAW
ANYTHING
LIKE IT !

NOR
ME,

OLD STUFF,
I'VE WATCHED
HER DO THIS
ACT LOTS OF
TIMES



NOW I'LL MAKE A MAN VANISH. WILL ONE OF YOU GENTLEMEN STEP FORWARD?



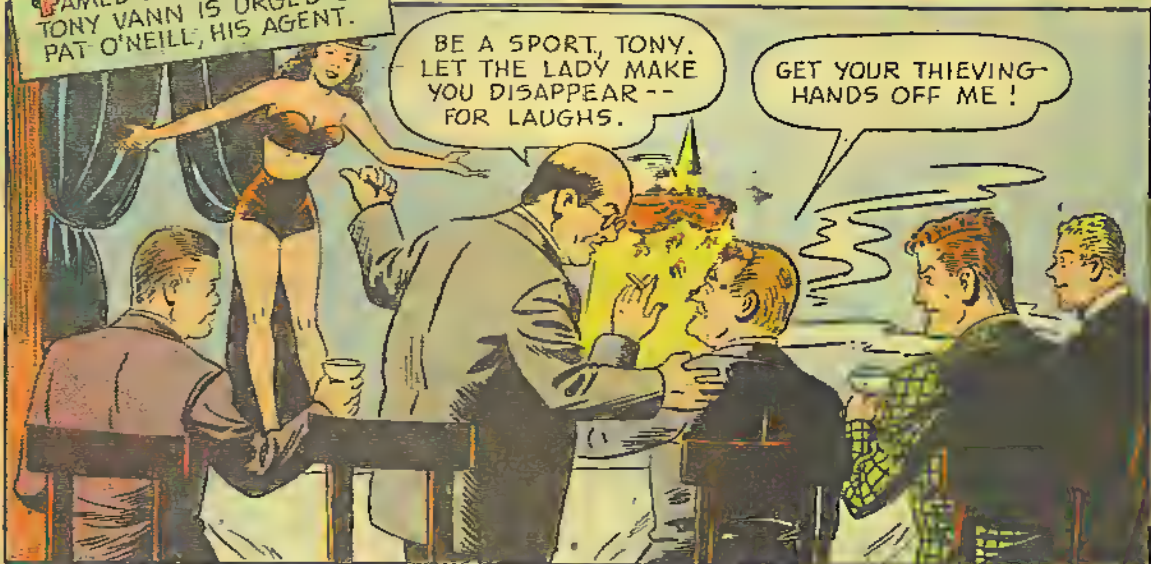
FAMED MOVIE COMEDIAN TONY VANN IS URGED BY PAT O'NEILL, HIS AGENT.

BE A SPORT, TONY. LET THE LADY MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR -- FOR LAUGHS.

COME ON, IF SOMEONE WILL VOLUNTEER, I'LL REWARD HIM WITH A KISS!



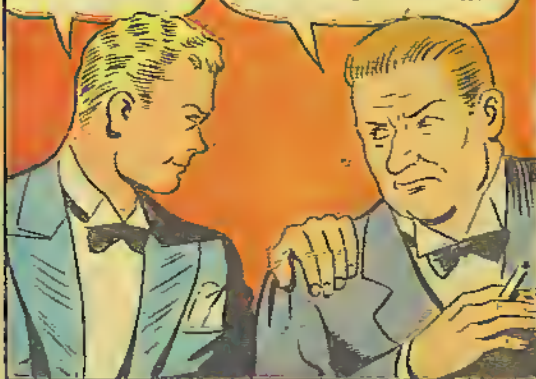
GET YOUR THIEVING HANDS OFF ME!



TONY VANN'S NEPHEW, PETE DRAKE, HORNS IN.

GO AHEAD, UNCLE TONY. WHY BE STUBBORN?

NIX, YOU YOUNG IDIOT. I JILTED CHARM'S SISTER A LONG TIME AGO. SHE MIGHT TRY TO GET REVENGE ON ME.



WILL THIS PERSUADE YOU?



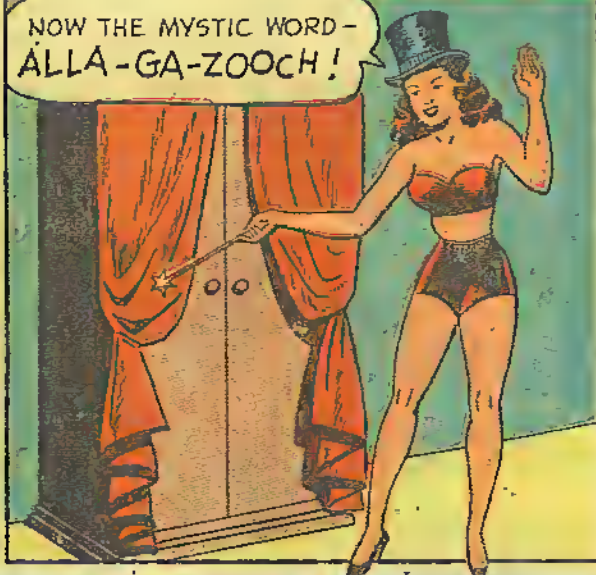
DRUNKENLY RELUCTANT, VANN GETS INTO THE MYSTO-MAGIC CABINET.

NOW-NOW, - BE A GOOD BOY - -

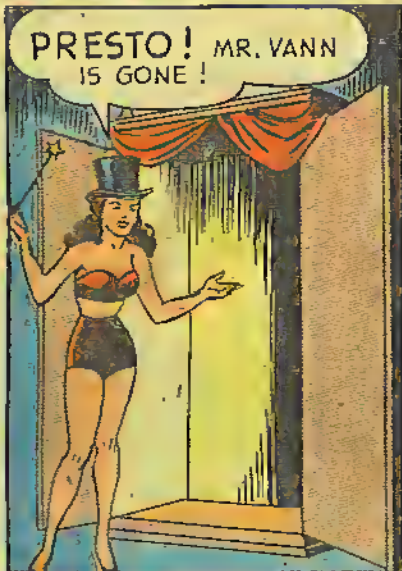
OH - - OKAY -



NOW THE MYSTIC WORD -
ALLA-GA-ZOOCH!



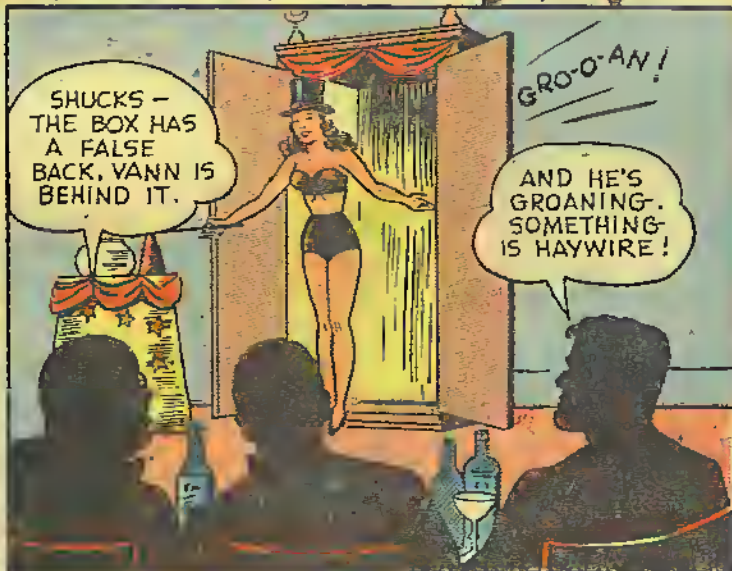
PRESTO! MR. VANN
IS GONE!



SHUCKS -
THE BOX HAS
A FALSE
BACK, VANN IS
BEHIND IT.

GRO-O-AN!

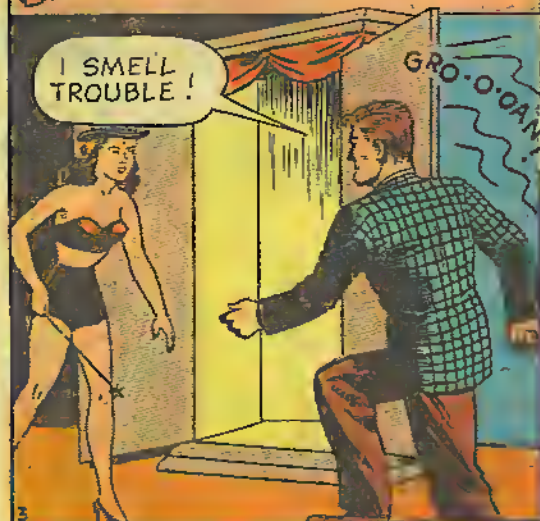
AND HE'S
GROANING.
SOMETHING
IS HAYWIRE!



DAN TURNER LEAPS TO THE CABINET...

I SMELL
TROUBLE!

GRO-O-AN!



... AND RIPS THE FALSE BACK -





WE'RE ALL BIG MOVIE NAMES. IF IT GETS OUT THAT WE WERE AT A MURDER PARTY LIKE THIS, OUR REPUTATIONS WILL BE WRECKED.

YEAH?

THE ONLY WAY I'LL LET YOU SCRAM BEFORE THE COPS ARRIVE IS FOR THE REAL KILLER TO CONFESS.



HOW ABOUT YOU, HON? VANN JILTED YOUR SISTER. DID YOU STICK HIM WITH A COUPLE OF HYPO-NEEDLE GIMMICKS FULL OF SNAKE VENOM?

NO! I SWEAR I DIDN'T!



LOOK, O'NEILL, YOU WERE VANN'S AGENT AND HE TOLD YOU TO GET YOUR THIEVING HANDS OFF HIM. MAYBE HE FOUND OUT YOU WERE STEALING FROM HIM AND YOU BUMPED HIM TO SAVE YOURSELF FROM EXPOSURE.

WHY, YOU LOUSY SNOOP!



THAT FOR YOU!

GLOOBESH!



OW! I'M SHOT!

EE-EEEK!

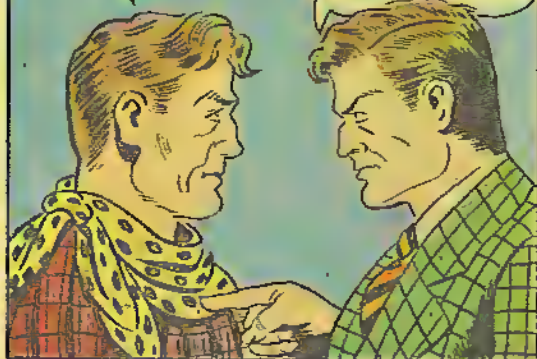
NO-ONLY CREASED, NEXT TIME I'LL REALLY PLUG YOU.



WHILE CHARM MARLOWE BANDAGES O'NEILL'S NICKED SHOULDER, THE COWBOY STAR SPEAKS TO DAN TURNER.

BUT, SHERLOCK, HOW COULD THE KILL BE PREMEDITATED?

MEANING WHAT, BUB?



NOBODY IN THE CROWD EVER SAW CHARM'S MAGIC ACT BEFORE, WE DIDN'T KNOW SHE USED LIVE SNAKES, SO HOW COULD ANY OF US PREPARE SNAKE-VENOM HYPO NEEDLES IN ADVANCE?

HMM-M. YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE.



THANKS FOR THE TIP, PAL. NOW OUT OF MY WAY -

HUNH-?



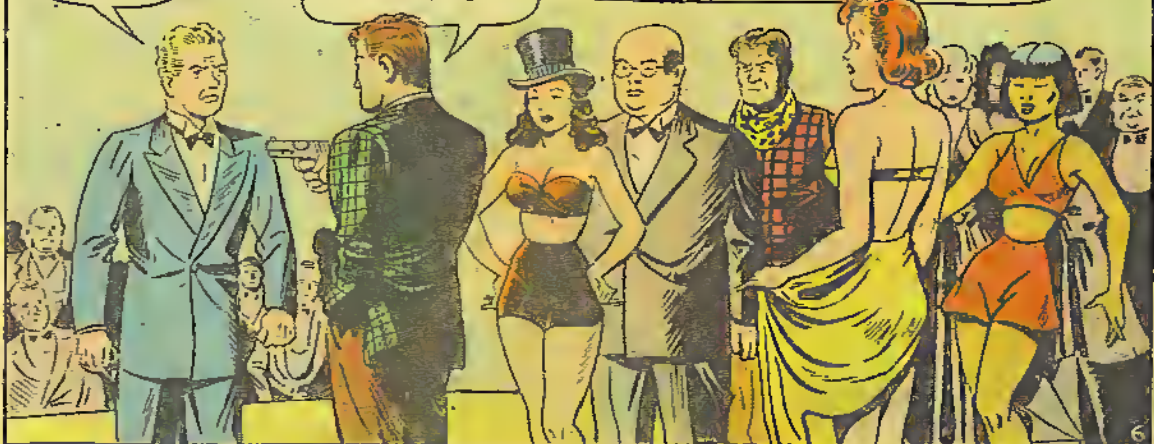
TURNER CONFRONTS PETE DRAKE, THE SLAIN COMEDIAN'S NEPHEW...

WELL, PUNK, HOW MUCH GEET DID YOU FIGURE TO INHERIT BY BUMPING YOUR UNK?



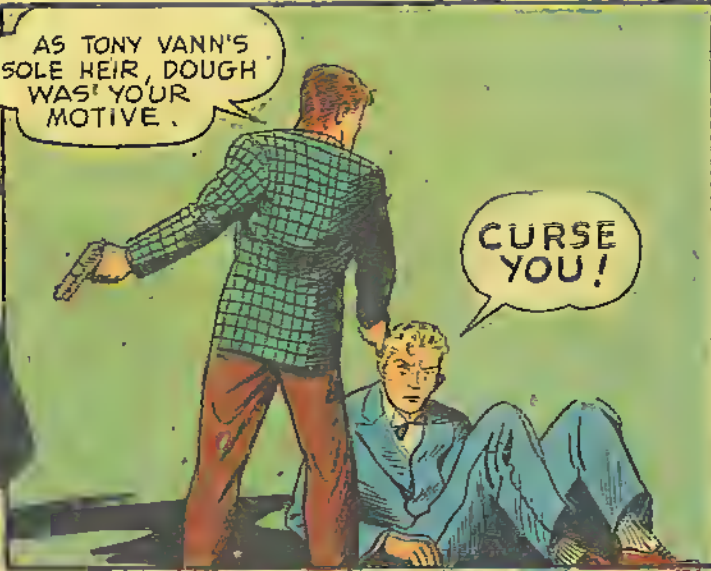
ARE YOU OFF YOUR CHUMP?

NOPE, THE KILLER HAD TO BE SOMEBODY WHO KNEW CHARM USED SNAKES IN HER MAGIC ACT. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO ADMITTED YOU'D LAMPED HER ROUTINES BEFORE. THEREFORE -



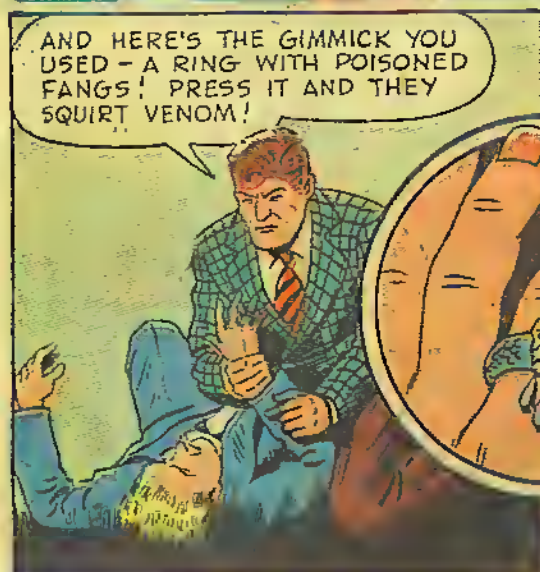


TAG, YOU'RE IT!



AS TONY VANN'S
SOLE HEIR, DOUGH
WAS' YOUR
MOTIVE.

CURSE
YOU!



AND HERE'S THE GIMMICK YOU
USED - A RING WITH POISONED
FANGS! PRESS IT AND THEY
SQUIRT VENOM!



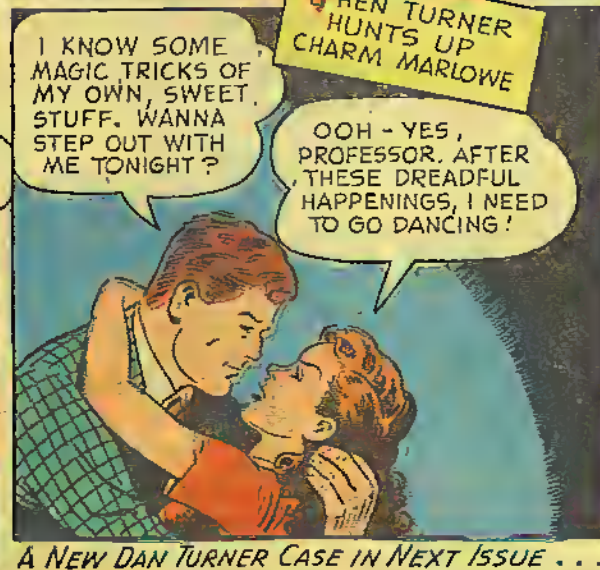
OKAY, EVERYBODY SCRAM. I'LL KEEP
YOUR NAMES OUT OF THE MESS.



LATER, WHEN LIEUTENANT DONALDSON
ARRIVES FROM HOMICIDE HEADQUARTERS.

-SO THAT'S THE STORY,
DAVE, AND HERE'S
THE KILLER!

I'VE GOT A
HUNCH YOU
HELD SOMETHING
BACK, BUT THANKS
ANYHOW.



I KNOW SOME
MAGIC TRICKS OF
MY OWN, SWEET.
STUFF. WANNA
STEP OUT WITH
ME TONIGHT?

THEN TURNER
HUNTS UP
CHARM MARLOWE

OOH - YES,
PROFESSOR. AFTER
THESE DREADFUL
HAPPENINGS, I NEED
TO GO DANCING!

A NEW DAN TURNER CASE IN NEXT ISSUE...

Prayer Works Wonders



SHE'S THE ONE FOR ME! GLAD I HAVE A DINNER DATE WITH HER TONIGHT!

LATER...

HOPE THIS NEW TIE REGISTERS WITH HER... I SURE WANT TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!

NEXT MORNING...

HOW DID IT GO LAST NIGHT, SON? DID YOU HAVE A NICE TIME?

OH SO, SO, MOTHER!

YOUR BEST FRIEND, BEN, SHOWS HIS GIRL HOW HE FEELS ABOUT HER, BY TAKING HER TO SYNAGOGUE EVERY WEEK! WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE SAME AND TAKE YOUR GIRL TO CHURCH? THERE ISN'T A GIRL IN THE WORLD WHO WOULDN'T APPRECIATE AND RESPECT SUCH AN INVITATION!



ATTEND THE CHURCH OR SYNAGOGUE OF YOUR CHOICE...

IN COOPERATION WITH RELIGION IN AMERICAN LIFE...